Ane prettie Mirrour

Or Conference, betuix the Faithfull Protestant ād the Dissemblit falls Hypocreit. In to the quhilk may be maist easylie perceaued & knawin the one

Faithfull Professours. To quhome be wyshed Grace Mercy and Peace, in Jesus Christ our Lord, and onlie Sauiour. So be it.

And the other, Comfort, and Consolatioun, Quhairin ye may persaue the Wonderis of the wonderfull God. For the Ex-

Luke in to this Mirrour, and thow sall cleirlie keit All faithfull trew Christianes, frō falss dissēblit mē.

Phst.f.H.copy 88192

To the faithful Reder

THir Vearſe ar ſweit, and rycht delicius,
Vnto the hart, of Godlie men I ken:
Bot to the weked, tha ar rycht odius,
And comptit folie, wᵗ all vnfaithful men.

For of the Godlie, tha ſchew the trade and ways
How tha thame ſelf, heir vpon earth dois gyde:
And of the weked, thair vice and grit decaye,
Quhilk manaſſing, tha can no wayis abyde.

Thumblie heirfore, I walde ilk man exhort,
Thame ſelf to crye out, be this ſubſequent
Gyf vice or virtew, dois maiſt in thame reſort,
Quha find him gyltie, God grāt he may repent.
And ſo be it.

Begynnis the Conferrence.

THe choſin childzen, of God and ſones elect,
Reioiſis cheiflie, to heir his bliſſit wourd:
The ſons of ſathā, quhilk ar frō God reiect
Abhorris ȳ ſame, moze noᵗ ane two edgit ſwourd.

The Godlie will, with pacience Imbrace,
Dew Admonitioun, for thair vice and Sin:
The wckit can nocht, in the contrair cace,
Suſtene repzoche, ſyne byde thair witt within.

The godlie will, in to gude pairt ſuſtene,
Dew chaſtiſment, for thair Sin, and offence:

Punyſche the wekit, tha will alwayis complene,
As geue tha wer, oppreſt be violence.

¶ The godlie men, with pietie ar oppreſt,
To ſee thair Brethren in neceſſitie:
The Hypocreitis, ar neuer at eaſe nor reſt,
Bot quhen the faithfull, ſuſtenis miſerie.

¶ The Godlie men, will do no man bakbyte:
Nowthair in patent, nor in to pryuie place:
In blaſphemie, the wekit dois delyte,
And frome Iniurie, his toung can neuer ceaſe.

¶ The Godlie man, will vſe no mokkerie,
And will no wayis, with ſic vaine maters mell:
The Hypocreit, will ſkorne contynewallie,
And neuer can finde, ane falt in to him ſell.

¶ The Godlie men, will vſe no fraude nor gyle,
And will be laith, to ſute men to the law:
The Hypocreitis, ar euer breding wylis,
And paſſing how, thair broder to ourthraw.

¶ The Godlie men, ar full of gentilnes,
Of Lawtie, Loue, and liberalitie:
The Hypocreitis, ar full of gredines,
Of Iuetyce, and Pegeralitie.

¶ The Godlie men, tha do ſupport the pure,
And geuis thame glaidlie, of thair geir ād gude:
The Hypocreitis, dois take more thocht and cure
How tha may reaue, frō thame thair daylie fude.

¶ The Godlie men, Elykewiſe ar content,
Als weill in neid, as in proſperitie:

¶ The Hypocreitȝ, quhē geir is kome thame went,
Tha blaſpheme God, in thair aduerſitie.

¶ The Godlie men, deteſtȝ all vice, and ſin,
And all tranſgreſſourȝ, and thair companie:
The Hypocreitȝ, tha do delyte thairin,
Leading thair lyues, in all Impietie.

¶ The Godlie men, no bybs, noȝ buds will take,
To hurt the ane pairt, noȝ to helpe the vther:
The Hypocreit, will thinke no ſchame noȝ lak,
Buds to receaue, and tha wer fra his vȝoder.

¶ The Godlie men, will ſerue ane God allone,
Quhilk maker is, of Heauin the earth and ſeye.
The Hypocretȝ, makȝ gods mony one,
With quhome tha do, commit Idolatrie.

¶ The Godlie men, in all thair wayis ar plaine,
And cheiflie euer, onto thair faithfull vȝother:
The Hypocreitȝ, ar fenzeit fals and vaine,
Will ſaye ane thing, and ſyne will do anc vther.

¶ The Godlie ar, repleit with lawlynes,
With louyng kyndnes, and humelytie:
The Hypocreitȝ, thocht tha it nocht expres,
Ar full of hicht diſpyte and tyȝannie.

¶ The Godlie labouȝs, foȝ vnitie and peace,
Foȝ concoȝde, kyndnes, and tranquilytie:
The Hypocreitȝ, dois neuer ſtanche noȝ ceace,
To rais diſcoȝds, and Inuanymitie.

¶ The Godlie luſſis, thair Paſtouȝs, foȝ thair cure
And will be ſoȝie, to ſe thame want oȝ wȝangt:

The Hypocreitȝ, regairds nocht, we ar ſure,
Thocht all the preachours, on ȳ earth wer hangt.

¶ The Godlie men, will ſtill cleue to Gods wourd
Thocht tha to death, for it ſuld be perſewit:
The Hypocreit, ſa ſone as cũmis the ſwourd,
Will it denye, and ſweir he neuer knewit.

¶ The Godlie men, ſetts God befoꝛe all things,
Befoꝛe thair lyues, thair guds geir oꝛ lands:
The Hypocreitȝ, befoꝛe God puts thair kings,
Diſpyſing God, his lawis, and his commands.

¶ The Godlie men, ar knawin be thir merks,
Rycht as the daye, is tryit be the lycht:
Euin ſo the wekit, be thair vicius werks,
Ar ſo eſpyit, as derknes ſchewis the nycht.

¶ Foꝛ as no wayis, the fyre it can be knawin,
To be ane fyre, withouttin heit, oꝛ lycht:
No moꝛe ȳ faithfull, except gude werks be ſchawin
Can notit be, foꝛ to be Chriſtianes rycht.

¶ The preiſt, & Leueit, ȳ quhilk did nocht ſuppoꝛt, Luc. x.
The woundit man, in to his greif and paine:
Could nocht be comptit, faithful in no ſoꝛt, Luc. xvi.
As was the helpfull trew Samaritaine.

¶ Noꝛ zit the Gluttoun, quha fed delicius,
Could nocht be ſaid, to haue fidelytie:
That petiſt nocht, the pure Lazarus,
Quhen Dogs did ſchew in him moꝛe cherytie.

¶ Quhairthꝛow ȳ Gluttoun, vnto the hell was ſend
That had no reuth, noꝛ pietie on the pure:

All Hypocreitts, that lykewiſe dois offend,
with him in Hell, ſall hardyeit be moſt ſure.

¶ Thus thocht we boiſt, Chriſtianes to be,
Except gude werks, proceid out of our ſpreits:
We ar bot membris, of Iniquytie,
And ar nocht eis, bot verray Hypocreits.

¶ Lat wss heirfore, ſchew furth with al our mycht,
Our godlie werks, of mercy and of loue:
Quhairthrow we may, be kend of eudry wycht,
The faithfull ſeruands, of God that rings abone.

¶ Lat leud affectionis, and all Impietеis,
Be mortefiſt, in to our membris all:
That tha may nocht, quhilks ar our Inymeis,
No vther thing, bot Chriſtianes wss call.

¶ Godlie heirfore, Reioyſe that hes thir ſings,
Ze may be ſure, that God hes zow elect:
Bewaill ze wicked, that in ſick vicis rings,
But ze repent, the Lord hes zow reiect.

¶ All ze heirfore, that hes Gods wourd profeſt,
And maid with God, and man that blyſſit band
Stand ferme and ſtable, gyf ze wald cum to reſt,
For now the Fan, approchis faſt at hand.

¶ He that no ryches, nor wardlie pomp nor gloire,
Wak wss ſchrink bak, now frome the veritie:
And quho ſo dois, to thair grit ſchame but more,
God will diſcloſe, thair vile Hypocreſie.

¶ Eternall God, thy faithfull flok defend,
Preſerue thame Lord, for now and euer more:
And grace, and peace, vnto thy ſubiects ſend,
That ſeiks nocht eis, bot to ſet furth thy gloire,

Amen William Lauder.

Ane trew & breue Sẽ-

tencius, Diſcriptiõn of ỹ nature of Scotland Twiching the Intertenyment of virtewus men. That lakeris Ryches. Compyld be william Lauder, Miniſter of Gods wourd. &c.

HOwbeit thow war, of portrature preclaire,
And war indewit wᵗ paignant virteuis ſeir
And thocht i knawledge, ỹ had no compaire
That thou culd teache all ſcienris perqueir,
And thocht of blude thow war ane prencis peir,
Zit in this Realme I Lat the vnderſtand,
And thow Layk ſubſtance of thy awin and geir
Thow will be Lytill regardit in this Land.

CBot thocht thow be ane Ideote, or ane fule
Ane maykles monſtour, withoutin wit, or waire
Ane Blunt bubo, that neuer had bene at ſcule,
And ſik as Is, of euerye virtew bair,
Zit haue thow gudꝫ, and geir, I the declair,
Thoucht thow be weked, I put the out of dout
And thocht thow war, to ſathane, Sone, & air,
Zit for thy bagꝫ, thow ſall be takin out

CAllace heir is, ane Cairfull Miſerie,
That virtewis men, but geir ar of no prycе,
And Beaſts for bags, ar in Authorytie,
I think this change, is wonderus ſtrange & nyce,
The caus heirof, Is onlie Couattyſe,
That blinds ſo man, that he can no wayis ſe,
To cheryſe, virtew, And ay chaiſtyce vice,
Allace heir is, ane cairfull miſere.

Q. Lauder.

¶ Neathir virtew, nor wit, in to this weked land,
Doith prosperit thame, that hes nocht gudȝ in hand.

ANE GVDE EXEMPILL.

Be the butterflie, Instructing men, to hait all Harlottrie.

THe Butterflie, hir self for to distroye,
Vpone the nycht, to fle Scho dois nocht stint
Vnto the Candle, scho takis thairof sick Joye,
Quhill scho hir self, in to the Flam hane brint.
My tender freind, this in thy hart thow hint,
And hane Jt euer, in thy memorye,
Quha hants Hurdome, no dout he sall be tint, 1. Cor. vi.
And Birne him self, as dois the Butterflie.

¶ The sapient Salomon, ẅ wemẽ was cõfoundit iij. Reg. xi.
Thocht he was wyse, that euer nature wrocht, Eccle. xlvij.
The force of Sanson, ỹ in to strenth aboundit Sap. vii. viij.
Be Dalyla, was suttellie out socht, Jud. xvi.
The Prophet Dauid, full deir his lone he bocht, and. xiij.
with mony mo, that vsit sick vanitеis, ij. Regũ. xi.
was dyuers wayis, vnto confusioun brocht,
And Brint thame self, as dois the Butterflеis.

¶ Quhairfor my freinds, frõ fantasie refraine, Matth. v.
Detest that Sin, of vice, and vanytie, Exod. xx.
Quhilk saule & bodie, both dois bring to paine, Luke. xix.
Fle frome that lust, as frome zour Jnymie, Deut. xxv.
Syne in this mater, merk the Moralytie, Prou. xxiv.
And tak it be to zow, ane trew Jnstructioun, 1. Cor. vi.
That may be all, compard vnto this Flie, and. vii.
That wylfullie, dois wirk thair awin Distructioun.

¶ Thocht men in Mariage, with thair maiks repair,
In Decent matter, no man suld Jt reprone,
For of that Band, God was the Ministеr, Matth. xix.
Ordand of him, for our wealth and behone,
Syn this Command, we haue frome God abone,
Chiefflie for this, to hait all Harlottrie, 1. Cor. vi.
Let euerie one chuse thame, thair lauchfull Lone, and. vij.
That takis that Holy gyft of Chastitie.

Quod William Lauder, Minister.